

# THE BEACON

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## A Pair of Wooden-Heads.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

"JUST watch that fellow, will you! I wish Wooden-Head could catch him once on this side the fence," growled Max.

Max and Edith Terry were berrying in the old field called "Burnt Mill Common" since the miller's buildings on the knoll above had been destroyed by fire some years ago. The "fellow," Cliff Kramer, was standing behind the fence that divided the knoll from the pasture beyond. "Wooden-Head" was a stalwart old sheep, so named by Edith and Max when he was a frisky young lamb and liked to come slyly rapping his hard little head against their ankles. He had followed them up here this morning, as he was often allowed to do, for when not teased or ill-treated, Wooden-Head was a peaceable fellow in spite of his size, and, having been a pet all his life, liked human company.

Just now, however, he was in a towering rage at the actions of Cliff Kramer, who knew just how to provoke him. Cliff, himself protected by the fence, was lowering his small sister, a mite of a thing in a pink dress, over the rails directly in front of the place where Wooden-Head was feeding. When the sheep, irritated by Cliff's calls and hisses, started towards that fluttering object on his side of the fence the boy lifted the child quickly out of the way and the angry animal on the other side came charging full tilt against the stout rails behind which his jeering enemy stood. The child was whimpering with fright, but Cliff kept on with his game in spite of her pleadings.

"Mean thing!" muttered Edith, and Max set down his berry pail with a clatter.

"He's got to stop that! When Wooden-Head is fairly stirred up somebody's likely to get hurt, and anyway, I won't have him dislocating his poor old neck against that rail fence."

As her brother started up the field to the rescue Edith stood up with a quick cry:

"Oh, look, the poor little thing! Hurry, Max, or Wooden-Head will get her sure!"

Cliff had lost his hold of the child the last time he had lowered her over the fence. Wild with terror, she had slipped from his grasp and started to run across the top of the knoll, the angry Wooden-Head in hot pursuit.

Cliff tumbled over the fence with a shout, and Max was off at full speed as he saw what had happened. Wooden-Head was a strenuous adversary for a man when his stupid temper was up, and this little helpless child

might actually be killed before the boys could get to her.

Max had to get through a tangle of old lilac bushes near where the house had been, and when he emerged from them the child and her four-legged pursuer were nowhere to be seen. The two boys reached the top of the knoll at the same time, and then stopped with a feeling of horror.

"I forgot the pond," Max muttered to himself.

On the other side of the knoll a sharp little slope went down to the mill pond. It came to Max with a shock that during the few seconds he had lost sight of the child in pushing his way through the lilacs she might have stumbled down that steep

after they had watched the water fearfully for a few moments. "But where on earth did they disappear to like that! Let's go up on the knoll and look again."

They searched the grounds and the tangled shrubbery around the spot where the house had stood, but not a trace could they find of little Annie or her pursuer. But suddenly Edith, who had rushed up to join in the search, said sharply, "Hark, what's that?"

It was a smothered bleat that seemed to come from somewhere underground.

"The old well!" gasped Edith. "We forgot it. Come quick!"

The well was behind the top of the knoll on the side towards the pond. The curb had been taken away and the opening, just level with the top of the ground, was so hidden by grass and weeds that one would hardly have noticed it until he was close upon it. All the householders of the neighborhood had talked about filling up that well, but no one had ever done it.

The smothered bleat came again as they leaned anxiously over the opening. Deep down they could see the black shine of the water, and just above it hung little Annie, her feet on a tiny shelf of rock where one of the stones in the side of the well had worked out of place. Her hands were grasping desperately at two stout woolly legs which, with their two fellows, were planted on a wider shelf just above her. How she had happened to catch and cling there was a marvel, but there she was and there above her was Wooden-Head. He had fallen as far as he could for want of room, the well being narrower at the bottom by reason of those displaced stones. His fat body was wedged securely in an upright position just where his stout legs could offer to the child about the only support she had to keep her from sliding into the black water. The tiny shelf of rock barely gave her a foothold and it was slippery with wet moss.

"Keep her quiet a minute, Ede; I know of something," and Max dashed away, leaving Cliff fairly

doubled up in a heap at the sight of the child's danger.

Edith leaned over the well and spoke cheerfully:

"Hold on tight, Annie! Max is coming to get you right away," and Cliff straightened out flat on the grass as a brave little voice from the black depths answered: "All right. Hurry up!"

Max was back in a few minutes dragging an old ladder which he had often noticed among the debris of the burned buildings. It was sound yet, and he lowered it into the well and crept down, squeezing past Wooden-Head and reaching down to the child's up-



By H. Weston Taylor.

"Cliff was lowering his small sister over the rails directly in front of the place where Wooden-Head was feeding."

place, and been swallowed up by the black water.

"Where is she, Cliff? What happened?" he demanded.

"I don't know," stammered the other boy with dry lips. "Coming through the alders by the fence I couldn't see very well—he was chasing her and they just went out of sight."

Without more words they ran down to the edge of the pond. The water was ruffled by a strong wind into tossing waves, and the black pool told no tales, as it washed sullenly against the bank.

"Can't be they've gone in here," said Max,

stretched arms. She was unhurt except for a scratch or two, and he carried her up the ladder and gave her into the care of Edith, while Cliff managed to pull himself together enough to help in the rescue of the sheep. They managed it with some ropes from Cliff's barn, and Max looked his pet over carefully as he stood, with hanging head, on the grass.

"He isn't hurt a bit, only scared," declared Max, patting the fat neck, "and he's got all over his fighting mood. Come on home, Wooden-Head, and don't you try it again."

"Which one of us do you mean?" inquired Cliff, meekly, as he mopped his hot face. "Doesn't it strike you there's a pair of wooden-heads in the present company? But you don't need to tell this one not to try it again!"

### A Good General Store.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

DAME FLORA keeps gathering, all summer long,  
Supplies that are useful and fine.  
And so she can offer, in great bargain lots,  
A complete and reliable line.

Whatever you want, go out shopping at once,—

The *compass-plant* points out the way,—  
Equipped with a shepherd's-purse full of gold coins

That *money-wort* mints every day.  
If in need of a gown, here's a gay lady's-smock,

With edgings and trimmings of *furze*;  
Or *velvet-plant*, *silk-tree*, and *calico-bush*,  
And rare *Queen-Anne-laces* are hers.

Then she's *moccasins*, *fox-gloves*, and pretty *skull-caps*,  
She's *feathers* and *ribbons* of grass.  
And to learn if a purchase becomes you,  
just glance  
In a *Venus's-looking-glass*.

If you wish to embroider, a small *needle-bush*  
Will give you a sharp little spike,  
And with *gold-thread* and *thimble-weed*, every-  
thing's right  
To copy some pattern you like.

A band you can organize, if you desire,  
With instruments free of all charge.  
For *drum-heads*, and *bugles*, and *trumpets*  
abound,  
And nodding *jew's-harps* grow at large.

If you should be caught in a heavy rain-  
storm,  
Just look for an *umbrella-tree*.  
But don't take a drink from a stale *pitcher-plant*,  
Though thirsty as thirsty can be.

When sent on an errand alone after dark,  
A task never pleasant or merry,  
Just run to the counter and ask if she keeps  
A ready-to-light *candle-berry*.

How easy 'twould be to have just what you want,  
Provided you knew where to look,  
When so many good bargains Dame Flora provides  
In forest and meadow and brook.

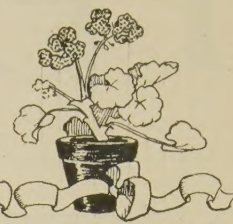
Alter? When the hills do.  
Falter? When the sun  
Question if his glory  
Be the perfect one.

EMILY DICKINSON.



### The Color-poster.

BY CAROLINE CURTIS.



*Some of our readers of last year are entering college this autumn. They will be glad to read this story. So will other girls and boys who are looking ahead and planning for the time when they, too, will be members of a college Freshman class, with its fun, its contests, and its serious purpose.*

"HO, you Freshmen!" and Jean dashed down the walk to join her two tall classmates. "All solid for Monday's presidential election?" she inquired.

The others laughed. "Still electioneering, Jean? Don't worry about us. We'll vote for the right person."

"Of course, I knew you'd vote for Lois, only I'm so excited about it I just can't think of anything else. Our first real class election, girls!" and she began to walk backwards, facing them. "And the color-posting. It's really and truly the biggest event of the freshman year, you know. I wonder who'll do it. The upper class girls say the one who posts colors is next most important to class president. Who's that coming round the corner back there?" she broke off. "Martha Dunn? I wonder if she knows all about election and whom to vote for."

The laughter peeled afresh. "You are election mad, Jean. But don't waste your breath on Martha. She'd probably only half listen and put a parallel piped on her ballot Monday, or even your name instead."

"Nonsense! You know as well as I that Martha's awfully bright. And just because she isn't always bothering about class gossip is all the more reason I should electioneer," and Jean ran back to join Martha.

"Class election, Monday?" Martha asked after her greeting. "No, I didn't know about it."

"It's college election day," Jean explained. "The seniors have their election first and then the juniors and then the sophomores, all up in Assembly Hall. And just the minute sophomore election is over we try to hold ours. We have scouts out, and when the sophomores adjourn they ring the chapel bell. We mean to meet in the Villa—you know, the big room in the south wing where three freshmen live. We'll all be there, and the minute we hear the bell we'll rush through the election. That's why we have to have it all cut and dried. Then we choose our colors. They're to be"—Jean glanced all about her, and whispered in Martha's ear, "They're to be red and white. We've some cute little pennants on strings, all ready and hidden inside the upholstering of Lois' chair. Just the minute we've formally chosen them, we'll make a dash for the tower. That's where every freshman class tries to post its colors. The sophomores will try to prevent us, but we're counting on being so speedy that we'll get to the tower before they can get back to the hall after their meeting. No class has ever had it so well planned."

"'Twon't work, Jean." Martha spoke deliberately and decisively. "Just think, the scouts have to be sure of sophomore adjournment, don't they? And then they have to climb the chapel stairs and ring the bell. The sophomores will be halfway to the hall

by that time, and before we can elect four officers and choose colors, even all planned as it is, there'll be a dozen of them up in the tower and the rest besieging the Villa to stop our proceedings. The best plan is to detail two girls to guard the tower. Then when the colors are chosen, can't there be some signal?"

"Oh, yes, the new president always has to give the word. She could whistle from the court below if she could get there."

"How about a half-dozen girls dropping down on the dummy?"

"The one the trunks go on? The very thing! Oh, Martha, you do think of the best plans! But how about the two girls in the tower? How are they to keep out a dozen sophomores? We could pile furniture on the trap-door if we had it, but you know there's not a thing up there, and no one would want to lug heavy furniture up those winding stairs. Two girls never could hold down the door themselves."

Martha pondered a moment. "I know," she exclaimed suddenly. "The tower stairs aren't specially choice, are they? I mean water wouldn't hurt them. We could have full fire pails up there, and treat our enemies to a shower bath when they get too close. Suppose the faculty would care?"

Jean had clasped her hands in delighted excitement. "That's a brilliant plan," she cried. "No, the faculty let us do anything, color-posting time. If we spoil anything, the class pays for it. One year they threw water from the Villa and it ran down two floors and soaked a lot of wall paper. It couldn't do nearly as much harm on the tower stairs. That's just a perfect plan, Martha! I'll tell it to Lois. She'll arrange things as class chairman up to the moment she's elected class president."

"Why class president?" questioned Martha, slowly, as Jean was about to hurry away in search of Lois. "Is it customary to make the chairman president?"

"No, not especially. But don't you think she's just the one? She's a splendid manager and awfully nice and popular."

"No more than you," and Martha looked at Jean frankly.

"Oh, but it's not a question of me. Every one's going to vote for her, so's to get it done quickly, and you must, too, Martha,—that is, unless you're guarding the tower. And now I must run and propose our plan."

Lois was as delighted as Jean had been. "If we don't defeat the sophomores, I don't know who could!" she cried exultantly. "Aren't you the bright thing to think of it, Jean. You must be color-poster."

"But"—Jean began.

"Oh, you won't mind missing the meeting for the good of the class. Don't you realize it's an honor to post freshman colors?"

"I know, but"—

"No more 'buts'! Get some one to help you guard the tower and post the colors when you get the signal. The girls would all want you to, and anyway it's your due. Now run along."

Jean ran along, exuberantly delighted with her mission, yet a wee bit ill at ease. It was Martha's plan. She had meant to tell that, but Lois hadn't given her a chance. Ought not Martha to post the colors? Yet, after all, it wasn't just the plan Lois had meant. The girls would want her to do it because she was popular,—their friend. Martha was just a student,—a nice girl, of course, but no one knew her. Such an important place as that of color-poster ought not to go to her, even if she had thought of guarding the tower. She would never have thought of it, anyhow, if Jean had not taken such pains to tell her about the election and all that was to follow. Anyway, she would ask Martha to help. That would be almost the same as posting the colors.

Martha appeared quite satisfied with her measure of honor. She vetoed Jean's plan of carrying the water up before daylight Monday morning. "Some one might hear us, or happen to go up and find it, and our scheme would be discovered. If some of the girls are going to cut meals and guard the Villa, we don't want to appear to think of the tower till the sophomores are gone to their meeting. Then we'll get half-a-dozen girls to help and do it all in one trip."

Martha's suggestion was followed to the letter. "Bother!" she exclaimed as she emerged from the dark stairway into the breezy tower. "Somebody had a slumber party up here last night, and they've left their things. Help me to roll up these mattresses and pile the pillows in a corner, or there won't be room for any pails at all. That's it. Now you girls run back to the Villa and be ready for the first stroke of the bell. We've ammunition for a battalion."

"And we've the colors, too," whispered Jean, and the moment the trap-door was closed on their classmates the two girls opened their middies, unwound the strings of pennants from about their persons, and tucked them under the edge of the lowest mattress.

"No one will get them there without passing over my dead body," whispered Jean, dramatically.

The girls talked in low voices and waited anxiously for the chapel bell. "The sophomores must be prolonging their meeting on purpose. I can just see the girls jammed into the Villa, can't you?" whispered Jean. "Dana Carr is to make the first motion. I just know she's perched on the window-sill with her mouth open, not daring to close it lest she might waste a second. There! Martha, there it is! And I hear the sophomores on the walk. You were right. They'll be here before the election's well begun. Oh, I wish I dared look out the window."

"Well, you don't. Some one might see you. And we want to surprise them. I'll stand here, ready to lift the trap-door, and you be ready with the buckets. Here they come now, Jean, straight for the tower. Listen!" There was a clatter of feet and voices on the floor below. Now it was approaching. It had reached the tower stairs. "Hurry up, you girls," some one was calling, "they may be holding their meeting up here this very minute. That's it! All together! Now rush!"

The stairs rang with the charge. "Now," whispered Martha, and, as she raised the door a couple of feet, Jean let fly half a pail

of water straight into the faces of the two foremost sophomores. Such an outcry as followed! Such a choking and sputtering. But the sophomores were not to be driven back by a single volley.

This time they raised the trap-door themselves with the fury of their attack, but with the cold water full in their faces they staggered back into the arms of their classmates, causing confusion all along the dark stairway. Martha and Jean got ready other pails and waited.

Presently the attack came again, and again it was repulsed. It was not easy to rush ahead in the face of a cold, blinding deluge. But the sophomores were persistent. They would not give up. Pail after pail was emptied. "I hope they go pretty soon," Jean whispered as she picked up the last pail.

Even as she spoke there was a sound of voices below and their soaked assailants ran noisily down the stairs.

"They're going to the Villa. Oh, do you suppose the election's over? What if they should get Lois so she couldn't signal us to hang out the colors? Hadn't we better watch at the window for her signal? I guess they know we're here now."

"I guess they do," chuckled Martha. "But suppose they should come back. What ever"—She caught her breath. "Jean, they're coming now."

"Oh, what shall we do! We've only this one pail, and nothing to hold the door down with. Could we both get on it, do you suppose?"

"No, no! We don't need to. Quick, Jean. Be ready with the pail when they raise the door. I've an idea."

Jean did not even look around to see what Martha was doing, but flung half of the last pail full at the faces that just then appeared in the trap-door. The door dropped with a thud. "They've no end of water," they heard some one exclaim, and some one else, "There can't be much more. At it, Sophomores!" And again the door was lifted. Jean emptied her pail effectively, then turned despairingly toward Martha.

Silently Martha held out one of the pillows which had been piled in the corner, and a moment later knelt by the trap-door. "Lift it," she whispered. As Jean lifted the door, Martha pulled the ticking apart at one end, which she had ripped, and spilled the feathers into the faces of the sophomores. A breeze from the tower windows assisted her work, and, as Jean dropped the door, such a sputtering, coughing, and racket was heard as had hardly been caused by all the pails of water together.

"Good work," whispered Jean, and knelt with her own pillow. The attack was not at once renewed, and while she waited Jean had time to think. Who was it had planned all the defense? Who had thought of this last expedient, but for which the sophomores would even then be in possession of the tower and the colors? Who was it deserved to post the colors? And yet—and yet—Lois had asked her to. The girls expected it. They would cheer her,—perhaps carry her on their shoulders, as they did the president. Oh, she couldn't!

Once more the trap-door opened violently, and Jean poured the contents of her pillow into the sophomores' faces, and gave place to Martha.

There was a great noise on the stairs. Were the sophomores retreating? Suddenly Jean remembered the signal and ran to the

window. Round the corner of the building ran Lois, followed by half-a-dozen freshmen. Lois whistled and waved her arms. It was time to post the colors. Jean darted back to the mattress and dragged out the pennants. Then, hardly daring to think, she caught Martha by the arm. "Here!" she cried, "she's signaling! Hook them to that nail."

Martha obeyed, too excited herself to quite realize what she was doing. The strings of pennants floated out on the breeze, a brilliant bit of color. From below rose a great cheer. Other freshmen were running up. The court was filling with upper class girls,—seniors, juniors, even water-soaked and feather-bedecked sophomores. The battle was at an end, the freshmen colors were posted.

For a moment the two girls watched from the tower window, then, as the freshmen chant rose from below,

"Cheer, cheer, cheer the red"—

Jean seized Martha by the arm. "Come down and cheer our colors," she cried, and the two girls fairly tumbled down the slippery, feathery stairs.

As they reached the court-yard the last strains of the song were dying away.

"We'll cheer, cheer, cheer the red and the white always!"

and the freshmen, breaking from the great circle they had formed, dashed toward the two, while a great clapping of hands rose all about from the upper class girls. Even the sophomores were clapping. "Only two!" Jean heard one of the sophomores exclaim. "We thought there must be twenty!" And then all in the flush of her victory Jean felt herself seized and borne aloft on the shoulders of her fellows. Oh, it was fun! It was the very proudest, happiest moment of her life. And then, all at once, she remembered. "Girls," she cried, "put me down! Put me down! 'Twas Martha who planned it all, who gained the freshman victory. 'Twas Martha who posted the colors. Carry her."

"All right," Lois exclaimed. "We'll carry the color-poster; but we'll carry our class president, too."

"Class president?" questioned Jean, "but, Lois—"

"Oh, I knew you were electioneering for me," laughed Lois, "and I let you. It couldn't do any harm, for every single girl in the class wanted you. That's why I was so willing to get you off into the tower."

"Don't you know we said we'd vote for the right one," called Dana Carr. "And we did. Long live our president!"

"But, Lois," Jean objected, overwhelmed with delight, yet not fully comprehending, "to let me post the colors, too! 'Twould have been awful to be both."

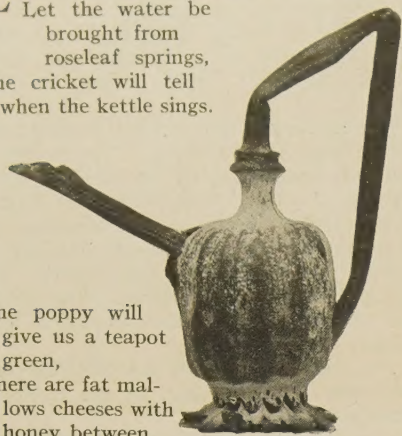
"Oh, we didn't worry," Lois told her. "We knew your generous heart, and that you'd never take any honor if there was any one around to give it to. Come on, girls! Sing our color song again, and carry them around the campus."

Jean looked at her cheering, exultant classmates, at the lines of pennants fluttering high above their heads, at the rapture in Martha's face over this ovation, the like of which had never come in all her student life, and Jean gasped a little gasp. "Suppose I hadn't let her post them," she whispered to her own heart. "It would have spoiled it all."

## High Tea.

BY MARY J. JACQUES.

LET the tables be spread in Fairy Rings,  
Let the water be  
brought from  
roseleaf springs,  
The cricket will tell  
when the kettle sings.



The poppy will  
give us a teapot  
green,  
There are fat mal-  
lows cheeses with  
honey between,  
And a green sorel salad that's fit for a queen.  
The clover will furnish its nectar for mead,  
We will spice our bread with the caraway  
seed  
And a butternut chop will be all we shall  
need.  
With jewel-weed earrings and Queen-Anne-  
lace  
We will dress ourselves up with an elegant  
grace,  
With cobwebby napkins to wipe the face.  
The song sparrow sings at our musical Tea,  
And midgets will dance with their lightsome  
glee  
Till the guests bid good-by to Baba and me.

## The Cheerful Adventures of Chippy Chirkytail.

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

IF ever there was a squirrel who had more fun than I, I'd like to see his tale, if it has ever been put in a book. Of course every creature who lives in this delightful world has a great deal of fun. But I feel pretty sure that I have the most.

The first thing that I remember is opening my eyes and looking straight into the eyes of my lovely little mother. How pleased she was when I did that! And so was I.

Our home was in a hollow tree. There my dear father and mother had made a nest, and lined it with something very warm and soft. But it was not nearly so warm and soft as my dear mother's side when she cuddled me up.

I had two sisters, and didn't we have fun, tumbling over each other and our mother in our cozy little home. Very soon we were allowed to take short trips up the inside of our tree. Once I tumbled out of the doorway, and such a time as I had getting back! If my sweet mother and my strong, kind father had not told me to be brave, and boosted, I don't know but I should have had to stay outside until my legs grew stronger. That would have been till day after next, for day after next I climbed out and in again, all by myself. Such fun! And how proud my mother was! My little sisters did not try it for a long time afterward. I think their legs were strong enough, but you see they were only just sisters, so they could not be expected to have such strong courage as a big brother like me.

How we did grow! Mother and father worked so hard, bringing us berries, and nuts, and sweet roots, that soon we were as large

as they. They said our tails were even finer. (All the Chirkytail family are noted for their fine tails. But mother told me I must never be proud of mine, so of course I am not.) Soon we learned to take care of ourselves, and run all about the forest, looking for nuts and things. Such fun!

Just about this time, some Humans came to stay in our forest. I had heard of Humans, and had long wished to see one. There were three of them. There was a big, long-legged one, with a voice like thunder. That was a Father Human. Then there was a smaller one, with a voice like the brook where it runs over brown stones. That was a Mother Human. Then there was one much smaller, though a great deal larger than a squirrel. That was a Little-girl Human. She had a voice like the little brown thrush that sings the sun to sleep. Her name was Dorothy.

These Humans lived in something that was like a great white cloud propped on little trees. It was called a tent. Even before they got it propped up, the Little-girl Human came out near our tree, with her hands full of—what do you think? Nuts! I knew at once that I should like her. She scattered the nuts all along from the tree to the tent. All the time she was making small, pleasant noises.

As soon as she got through, I ran and called my father and mother and sisters, and we gathered up every one of those nuts in our nice, handy cheek-nut-baskets. Such fun! The Little-girl Human stood quite near, still making those nice noises. We did not go up and speak to her that day, though I, for one, wanted to do so. But next day we went a little nearer. And next day after that, when she kept one nut in her hand, I went up a little nearer, and a little nearer, and a little nearer, until I took it. Then how I ran! Then she made a bigger nice noise. It is called laughing. I made up my mind that she was good and sweet, like my mother. And next day I did not run away; and soon I was riding all about on her shoulder and in her pocket. Oh, such fun!

One day a strange Father Human came, and brought many good things for us all to eat. Just as he went away, he scratched a little stick, called a match, on his foot, as I had often seen my Father Human do. Then he threw it down in the dry grass. This, I knew, was quite wrong, for my Father Human never did so. So I watched it. Nobody else had seen him. The dry grass smoked, and soon came the red fire, like the camp-fire, but in the wrong place. I ran and told Dorothy. At first she did not understand, and tried to put me in her pocket. But I jumped down, and ran out of doors again. Then she followed me. Then she saw the fire. She called to the Father Human and the Mother Human, and they all ran and got water, and poured it on the fire, and soon the fire was not there at all. How they did hurry! And then how they petted me! They called me a hero, and gave me many nuts. I do not know what a hero is, but I was glad I had pleased them.

One day the Father Human made the tent-house all flat. It did not look nice. I ran and chattered, and tried to make him stop, but he laughed and went right on, making it flatter. When I was all tired out I went and crept into a basket in which I had often slept.

The next thing I heard was Dorothy's voice. She was saying, "Why, here's Chippy!" What do you guess? They did not know I was in the basket, and had brought

me to their home in town; and here I am now. It is not a bit like the white-cloud tent-house, but I like it. I have a little wire house of my own, but I do not stay in it much. I sleep in Dorothy's room, and I run all about. I have a place at table beside her, and always a nice plate of nuts.

More things happen than I could ever tell you, but they all are such fun! Isn't this a nice world?

## A Strange Blaze.

BY LOUISE M. HAYNES.

HOW good everything tastes when you eat out-doors," John said, poking in the coals of the camp fire for another baked potato.

"Ned, your apple is cooked through and has burst its skin," cried Henry.

"I've eaten four baked apples already and they're great!"

Ned and his brothers, John and Henry, had built a camp of evergreen boughs in the woods, and were eating supper, cooked in their camp fire, near their hut.

"I'm going to the spring for water," said Ned, seizing the pail. "I put so much salt on my potato, I'm dying of thirst," and he stumbled through the brambles toward the spring.

"Let's go to bed as soon as it gets dark," Henry suggested. "I want to see what it is like sleeping on pine-bough beds."

"We must be very sure that our fire is out, if we leave camp at any time," Ned warned, as he appeared with the water. "Some of the worst fires were started by careless campers."

The boys poured water all over the rock upon which their fireplace was built, and were very sure no sparks were left burning. Then they whistled for Gyp, their big collie dog, who lay down at the entrance to the hut, guarding the boys while they slept.

About midnight, Henry woke, and noticed a bright light in the woods.

"Quick! Wake up!" he cried, poking his brothers. "There's a fire in the woods!"

They jumped up, hurrying with the pail of water toward the blaze.

"It's that old stump that's been crumbling away for so long," Ned said, "How very queer! It shines like fire, but there does not seem to be any warmth to it, and it has a sickly greenish glow."

The boys examined the stump closely.

"Oh, I know," Ned exclaimed. "We studied about it once at school. It is called fox fire, and is a vegetable growth that comes occasionally, for a short time, on damp, decaying wood."

The boys looked at the old stump the next morning, and, except for some whitish streaks, it was no different from any ordinary tree stump. After dark, however, it glowed nearly as brightly as it had the previous night.

They visited it often, interestedly watching the glow, which grew fainter and fainter. At the end of the week there was not a glimmer from it, and it looked like the old decaying stump that it was.

"Who would ever think, to look at it now," John said, "that it could have fooled us the way it did!"

To him who says Just What He Likes 'twill fall

To hear Some Things He Doesn't Like at all.  
Youth's Companion.

## For the Quiet Hour.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; and so shall ye be my disciples.  
*Bible.*

*Life.*

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Forenoon and afternoon and night,—Forenoon,  
And afternoon, and night,—Forenoon, and—  
what?

The empty song repeats itself. No more?  
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,  
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,  
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

*Prayer.*

BY WILLIAM SAFFORD JONES, CHANNING  
MEMORIAL CHURCH, NEWPORT, R.I.

ALMIGHTY GOD, to know whom even  
but in part is to lay hold upon the eternal  
life of the children of the Most High, to  
serve whom even but imperfectly is perfect  
freedom, grant unto us the peace, joy, and  
courage of those whose lives are centered  
and rooted and fixed in the thought of Thee,  
whose lives are daily being lived in the spirit  
of the Master. Amen.

## The Evening Orchestra.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

WHEN twilight dims the hills around,  
Down in the vale I hear  
The music of an orchestra  
Rising sweet and clear.

The members of that orchestra  
Are known to every one,  
For all have heard its music rise  
When the day was done.

The bull-frog plays the big bass drum,  
The violins are played  
By crickets numberless who stand  
Amid the tall grass shade.

The brook plays on a singing flute,  
The wind, a low-toned harp,  
And mellowly the strains unite  
With accents never sharp.

The pine plays on a deep-voiced horn  
Whose music, softly blown,  
Drifts through the evening's quiet air  
In musing undertone.

And sweet above the mingled notes  
By rhythmic beauty kissed,  
I hear the thrush's lyric voice,  
For she is soloist.

With joy I listen through the dusk  
Until the players cease,  
And silence wraps the quiet vale  
In robes of rest and peace!

## Goldenrod.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

QUEEN of the autumn, she flaunts her  
gold  
Over the hill-tops and wooded wold.  
Her yellow plumes in the wind asway  
Deck the landscape in colors gay.

How we should grieve, when the summer goes,  
Bearing with it the fragrant rose,  
Were we not met by the cheery nod  
Of our autumn companion, goldenrod.



BELGIAN REFUGEE CHILDREN AT ALDEBURGH, ENGLAND.

## How Our Sunday Schools Helped.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE story of the work done by our Sunday schools for the relief of suffering Belgian children has already been told, in part, to our readers. In addition to the boxes and barrels of food and clothing sent by our schools and churches, of which the former story told, there was raised in cash \$917.23. There has now come to us a report of the way in which the money contributed has been used for the care of little Belgian refugees in the various countries across the sea. A little more than \$225 of our fund went to the Society Franco-Americain, through Mrs. Caroline R. Hill of Brookline, who was doing relief work in Paris. The Society was caring for six hundred little orphans, and also maintained a Refugee Haven in St. Sulpice, Paris, where in a single day they received three hundred little Belgian boys and girls who had been separated from their parents. All these needed food, clothing, shelter, medical care, and recreation, which our contribution helped to furnish.

Our picture shows a group of Belgian children from the Belgian Refugee Children's Home in Aldeburgh, Suffolk, England. They look just like any other children, do they not? You might think them members of one of our own Sunday schools. Yet, as a matter of fact, not one of these girls can speak English. About forty are shown here, but there are fifty-four children in the home, and more were expected when the report came. What do you think you did for them with the \$100 sent them from the amount you raised? Half of it bought shoes, the other half just paid their bread bill for the month of April. The head-mistress writes: "I feel sure that the children who gave the money will like to think that their little Belgian friends are going to and from the convent school with dry feet, owing to their generosity. I think it is simply splendid that the children in the United States are helping to look after the Belgian children too. I told my little girls about it, and asked them if they would not like me to say thank you for them." The children answered in charming fashion that they wanted her to say they thanked the little Americans very heartily and thought it most gracious of them to want to help them. Our young readers who are studying French will like to see the exact form of their reply: "Mais oui, Madame,

s'il vous plait, dites que nous remercions beaucoup les petites Américaines, et que nous trouvons que c'est très gentilles de leur part de vouloir nous aider."

Everywhere it is the same story of securing the absolutely necessary things—food, clothing, school books, and medical care. Two hundred and twenty dollars of our fund went to the sixty-three children and teachers of the Malines Orphanage, now quartered in two homes in England. Boots were first bought for the little folks. The balance was spent for material for aprons and underwear, which the children made for themselves. Another \$150 sent to Leiden, Holland, took the Belgian children in groups out of the crowded city for a week in country conditions. Another \$50 went to a clothing depot, managed by the head-mistress and elder girls of the Derby Municipal School, who send this letter:

"Will you please convey to the American Sunday school children the very best thanks of the girls in this English secondary school for their most welcome gift sent to us for the Belgian children in Derby and the neighborhood. There was great applause when the head-mistress read the letter telling us we were to have the privilege of passing on your kind help. We are going to use the money for repairing the Belgians' boots, for stockings, and for material for underclothing."

Another \$200 went to Amsterdam, and there, through the courteous supervision of Madame Wertheim Bicker, was applied to the needs of Belgian children in a home which she provided for their care and to others whose need she knew. Her report mentions four or five children by name; one especially, a lad five and a half years old, has been placed in a hospital under the care of the best physicians, where in a few months, it is said, he will be entirely cured, so that he can again walk and play with other children.

All this money was distributed for us by Mr. Ion Pritchard, president of the British and Foreign Sunday School Society. He knew where the Belgian children were quartered, both in England and Holland, and has received and sent on to us complete reports of the expenditure of our funds. To him our thanks are due; and part of our pleasure is not alone in being able to help, but also in being brought into closer touch with Sunday-school workers of our own faith in England,

## THE BEACON

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the first Sunday of June, inclusive



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## From the Editor to You.

**Greeting.** Once more *The Beacon* comes to you, after a four months' vacation. We are glad to have been told by readers, young and old, that they have missed its visits and will welcome the opening numbers of a new volume.

Our plans for this year include some new features. There will be a series of short articles for boys, on "How to Do Things." It will open with a series of five articles from one of our boy contributors, telling how to make a wireless receiving set. Each article will be illustrated with drawings which will show just what is to be done. These will be followed by a number on the construction of gliders and toy aeroplanes. Perhaps when these are ended, our boy readers will tell us what else they would like to learn to make.

Our Beacon Club starts the year with a very large membership, and so much material on hand that a new position on the page and more space has been given to it. We have still a good group of letters to publish. Long lists of names of members will be printed this week and next. By that time more letters will begin to arrive. In the first number for November a new plan of "Helpfulness" will be proposed for this year. You will all read, we hope, the Editor's story on page 5 of what our schools and churches, working together, accomplished last year.

We shall have excellent stories and verse, both by authors new to *Beacon* readers and by their old favorites. And oh, the puzzles! There will be more and better ones this year than ever before. Our boys and girls may help us here, by sending their own conundrums and word squares and enigmas. It is almost as much fun to make puzzles as to solve them. Try it and see!

Best of all, we shall remember all through this year the high purpose and devoted service of the Sunday schools which furnish the larger number of our readers. Their task is our task: to teach by the fine art of suggestion the things that pertain to the life of the spirit.

## Silent Worship.

**T**HE church door standing an inch ajar  
Tempts mine eye  
As I wander by,  
And, pushing aside the oaken bar,  
I enter and sit in a lonely pew.  
And here in the calm of this holy place  
The light shines full on my troubled face,  
As if an angel had let me in  
To shrive my soul of its selfish sin  
And sweep and garnish my life anew.

F. MARION HAM.

## Friends.

**A** NIMBLE little squirrel spied  
A paper parcel at my side.  
He tried to make a friend of me  
By quickly jumping on my knee.

His sparkling eyes and quivering nose,  
His feathery tail, sharp-pointed toes,  
Were all alive to peep within.  
He seemed to plead, "Untie that string."

I shook the bag, he showed alarm;  
Untied the string, he saw no harm.  
He waved his tail from side to side;  
To creep within the bag he tried.

The bag held nuts, without a doubt;  
He soon had every nut brought out,  
And quickly they were stored away  
Beneath the turf for "rainy day."

Then on his haunches sat at rest,  
His tiny paws crossed on his breast,  
As if to say, "My thanks I give  
For these sweet nuts on which I live."

MARY E. MERRILL,  
in *The Christian Register*.

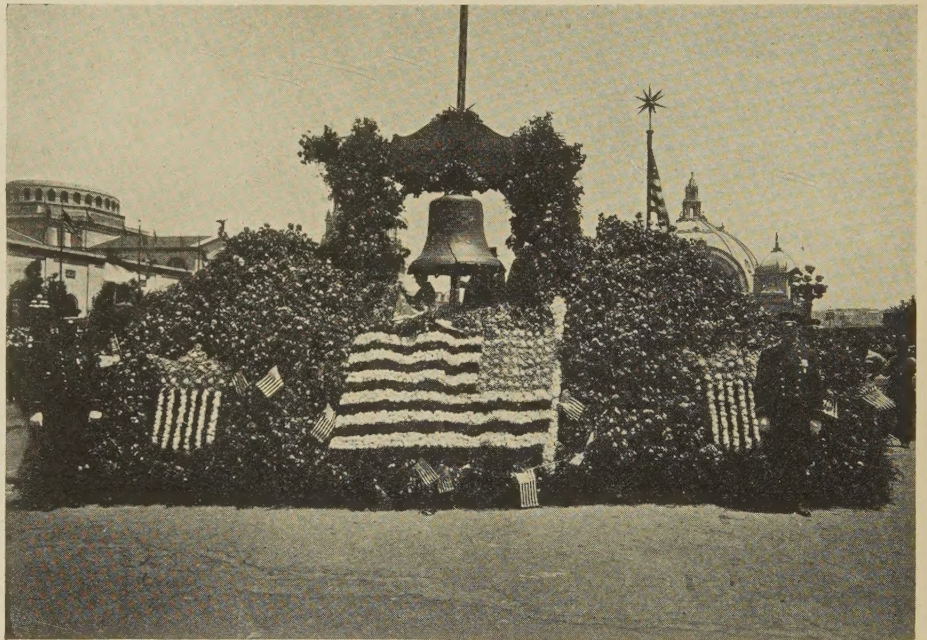
## The Ripened Leaves.

**S** AID the leaves upon the branches,  
One sunny autumn day,  
We've finished all our work, and now  
We can no longer stay.  
So our gowns of red and yellow,  
And our cloaks of sober brown,  
Must be worn before the frost comes  
And we go rustling down.

We have had a jolly summer,  
With the birds that built their nests  
Beneath our green umbrellas,  
And the squirrels that were our guests.  
But we cannot wait for winter,  
And we do not care for snow;  
When we hear the wild northwesterners  
We lose our clasp and go.

But we hold our heads up bravely  
Unto the very last,  
And shine in pomp and splendor  
As away we flutter fast,  
In the mellow autumn noontide  
We kiss and say good-by,  
And through the naked branches  
Then may children see the sky.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



## The Eighth Pilgrimage of the Liberty Bell.

BY EDWARD T. MARTIN.

**T**HE Liberty Bell on its eighth trip "proclaiming Liberty throughout all the land" reached San Francisco the night of July 16. At ten o'clock the next morning, welcomed by cheering thousands, it was borne in triumph through the city and to the Exposition grounds. The auto-truck on which it rode was covered by thousands upon thousands of flowers. The large flag to be seen in the foreground of the picture and the shields standing on each side of it were made of American Beauty roses and carnations. Soldiers from the Government Reservation, marines and blue jackets from the many warships lying in the harbor, marched beside the Bell. Thousands of school children scattered flowers in its path. There was the expected booming of cannon, blaring of trumpets, beating of drums, screaming of whistles, and ringing of bells. At the Exposition gates, within and without,

stood more than a hundred thousand people. To all these the Bell, though dumb these eighty years, was proclaiming liberty. Never was its message given so forcibly as now, not even when it pealed its notes of triumph or of warning from the old State-house tower in Philadelphia during the days when the nation was in the infancy of its existence and struggling to keep alive. Nor was the lesson of patriotism it taught then better learned than is the same lesson it is teaching now.

This is the eighth journey the Bell has made from its home in the Philadelphia State-house. It will remain in the Pennsylvania building at the Exposition until December of the present year, when, after visiting many Western cities on its homeward way, and silently proclaiming liberty and patriotism "unto all the inhabitants thereof," it will return to its Philadelphia home.

## PAGE FOR LITTLE READERS

## The Overalls Brigade.

BY ALICE CROWELL HOFFMAN.

Oh, we can run  
And have great fun,  
And never be afraid  
Of dust and dirt,  
For it can't hurt  
The overalls brigade.

We do our work  
And never shirk  
The chores that must be done;  
Then we're away  
To romp and play  
Until the set of sun.

No more we hear,  
With trembling fear,  
Of holes in stocking knees.  
Now one and all  
Can scale the wall  
Or climb to tops of trees.

## A Queer Beginning.

KENNETH was running home from school; at the corner of the street he found his mother waiting for him. A very important matter had made it necessary for her to be away at luncheon time.

"I am afraid that you will have a lonely luncheon, and you will have to cut the bread for yourself," she said. "I'm sorry that I cannot leave some little playmate with you."

Kenneth was sorry, too. With his father and mother he had come to live in a new neighborhood, and although the houses were close together, everything seemed strangely shut up and separated. The only child who was near his own age was a little girl next door. Kenneth saw out of the corner of his eye, as he ran along, that the little girl was just coming out on her porch, which was exactly like the porch of his own home. He wondered what she was going to do, but he would not turn his head to see. Instead he looked at the next porch, which also was exactly like his own.

Kenneth did not hurry; he dreaded the long, lonely afternoon. He did not even notice whether his little next-door neighbor was still on her porch as he passed. He went straight on through the house, and into the dining room.

"Why," he thought, "mother must have sliced the bread, after all! Here it is!"

The table was laid for two and left untouched. There was a plate of tiny cakes beside the bread, a pat of golden butter, some slices of cold meat arranged on lettuce leaves, and, in the very center of the table, a small glass bowl of gleaming, quivering, crimson jelly. He looked toward the back of the room; standing in an open door and looking very curiously at him, was the little girl who lived next door and her mother. Plainly they were as much surprised as he.

Kenneth started to his feet. "Why—Why"—he began. It was very strange that they should be standing there like that. But only for a

Sometimes we scout  
And put to rout  
Fierce Indians by the score.  
No harm befalls  
Our overalls  
From going through a war.

Then welcome, kings,  
To crowns and things  
You think almost sublime;  
But anyhow  
You will allow  
We have a better time.

So here's a cheer,  
Both loud and clear—  
Let's shout it every one—  
To those who made  
For this brigade  
Best garments 'neath the sun!

moment was Kenneth confused.

"Won't you come in and lunch with me?" he said. "Mother had to go away, but she has left everything ready."

He had time to be glad that his mother had put on the jelly, and that he had not yet broken into it before a strange smile on the little girl's face brought a sudden, awful doubt into his mind. He looked about hastily. Of course he had never before seen that picture above the sideboard! The sideboard itself began to look strangely unfamiliar; equally strange were the curtains—the chairs—the rugs!

"I—I think I've made a mistake!" he stammered. His face burned and his legs felt shaky. What must these people be thinking of him? He had come into their house and was taking possession of their own luncheon!

The little girl's mother broke into a kind laugh, and the girl, pushing shyly against her mother, laughed too.

"It's because the houses in this row are all alike; they are to blame," the lady said. "But since we can't be your guests, we want you to be ours. My name is Mrs. Campbell, and this is Sylvia. Dearie, bring another chair and another plate for our new neighbor."

It was not until long after Sylvia and Kenneth were friends that he could laugh at the beginning of their friendship.—*Stella C. Dysart, in Youth's Companion.*





# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Letters will be published so far as space permits; the most original and interesting will be chosen. The names of all whose letters do not appear will be printed in the lists. The Beacon Club button will be sent to each member when the letter is received. Write on one side of the paper. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

**A**NOTHER State is added to the number in our Club by this the first letter received from Alabama:

CHASE, ALA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I want to join the Beacon Club. My cousin is sending *The Beacon* to my brother and me. Please send me a club button. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much. I am in the sixth grade and go to the public school in Huntsville, Ala. I am eleven years old.

From your new friend,

RICHARD CHASE.

BILLERICA, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a boy thirteen years of age. I am attending the Unitarian Sunday school. This winter is the first time I have ever been to Sunday school, which sounds terribly heathenish, doesn't it? But mother says people really know so little about God, anyway, that it will be just as well to get acquainted with His birds and squirrels first, and in that way we can understand Him better later.

I wish to join the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

ELWOOD W. BREWSTER.

DUNDEE,

14 Wilkies Land.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and the Rev. H. Williamson is our minister. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and I enjoy reading it. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club, and to wear your badge. I am twelve years old and Miss J. Whamond is my teacher.

Yours sincerely,

DAVID CADENHEAD.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school on Franklin and Geary Streets. I am twelve years old and I belong to the club called The Junior Girls which some girls of my age have formed and seven girls belong to the club at present. I should like to be a member of the Beacon Club very much. I like to read the story of "The Gingerbread Island" in *The Beacon*.

Sincerely,

MARGUERITE BROOKES.

DUNDEE,

11 Mid Street.

My dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Dundee Unitarian Church every morning, and then I go to the Sunday school at 12.45. I love to get a *Beacon* every Sunday, for I read every letter in it. I wish to tell you about our Sunday school. The girls have started a knitting class, called "The Girl Guides." They have knitted a number of garments for the soldiers and sailors at the front. I am thirteen years of age and I hope to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours faithfully,

FRANCES KILGOUR.

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.,

35 Chestnut Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—We have some little goats. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Berry. I am in the second grade. I am seven years old.

I would like to join the Beacon Club.

Your little friend,

EDWARD H. NICHOLS.

List of Club members whose letters we had not space to publish: Elizabeth Thorpe (13), West Medford; Fannie Davidson (10), Petersham; Coleman Clyde Ewalt and Marietta Ewalt (8), Quincy, Ill.; Martha D. Hallet, Barnstable; Helen Sharp (11), of Duluth, Minn., who promises to let her light shine; Priscilla A. Williams, Exeter, N.H., who says, "Our church has a parish supper every year. My class helped serve for the first time last Wednesday"; Robert E. Williams, Helena, Mont.; Louise Esoln (11), Quincy, Ill.; William A. Henry (13), Hingham, Mass., who is a Boy Scout; Donald Burleson (9), San Francisco, Cal.; Fannie B. Willis, Providence, R.I.; Olive E. Hinckley, Barnstable; Margaret Powell (9), East Boston; Laura K. Coryell, Flatbush, L.I.; Helen M. Richardson, Waterbury, Conn., who sends an original verse; Faith Waterman and her two brothers, Bangor, Me.; Fannie Davidson (10), Petersham; Helene Smith (11) of Burlington, Vt., who has attended Sunday school three years without missing a Sunday, and who sends an enigma; Thomas Berry, East Boston; Carlene Eberhardt (8), Quincy, Ill.; Elizabeth P. Storer (12), Pittsburgh, Pa.; Robert T. Hodgdon, Cambridge; Regina Nicolay, Cincinnati, Ohio; Bernice Cox, Waverley, who sends an enigma; Marjorie Grace, Rockland; Robert Morey Jacobs (8), Billerica; Theodore Carpenter (11), Greenfield; Portia Goulder (11), Cleveland, Ohio; Axella Johnson, Greeley, Col.; Watson Hook (7), Edmonton, Alberta, Canada; Katharyn Norris (10), Melrose, Mass.; Doris Brown (12), Rowe, Mass.; Emma E. Boole, Newport, R.I.; W. Barnes (12), Montreal, Canada; Hazel Finlay, Hopedale, Mass.; Elizabeth Drumm (10), Helena, Mont.; Evelyn F. Creed (11), South Rawdon, N.S.; Ruth J. Martin (10), Melrose, Mass.; Marian Lamson (10), Marlboro, Mass.; Madeleine Van Hall, Roslindale, Mass.; Fanny Mueller, Roxbury, Mass.; Martha Mattice (13) and Martje van Deusen (13), Springfield, Mass.; Earle Burnett, Clinton, Mass.; Winifred Waite, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Ruth M. Crichton (11), Rutherford, N.J.; Robert Austin, Hopedale, Mass.; Mildred Chelquist (8), Great Falls, Mont.; James Pickering (10), Winnipeg, Man.; Wendell Washburn, Montpelier, Vt.; Elaine Tibbetts, Whitman, Mass.; Eileen Ericson (9), Roxbury, Mass.; Marion Myers (12), Jamestown, N.Y.; Frances Ballard (12), Lexington, Mass.; Mida Tunison (10), Pittsburgh, Pa.; Loraine Cloyes (10), Lexington, Mass.; Jeannette Stearns (15), Yonkers, N.Y.; Elsie M. Robinson (7), Braintree, Mass.; William C. White, Dorchester, Mass.; Margaret G. Drummond (13), Mattapan, Mass.; Everett M. Sears (13), Hopedale, Mass.; Billy Adkins, Lynchburg, Va.; Ellen McGillivray, San Francisco, Cal.; Harold H. Smith (9), Eastport, Me.; Gladys Paine (11), Rockland; Elizabeth Hall, Elizabeth Belcher, and Frances Wild, all of Braintree (good letters, girls; thank you); Anna J. Schwartz, Urbana, Ill., who sends an enigma; Henry H. Whiton, Melrose; Christina Kratz, Attleboro; Arlene Howard, Eastondale; Delphine Tuttle, Littleton, N.H.; Asa Seymour, West Upton, Mass.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA I.

I am composed of 26 letters.  
My 21, 3, 9, 13, is part of the body.  
My 23, 11, 2, 13, is greater.  
My 8, 1, 2, 15, 14, 18, is a modern building.  
My 26, 18, 15, 10, is to rest on.  
My 4, 6, 14, 17, 16, is not dark.  
My 19, 22, 25, 18, is a flower.  
My 20, 13, 1, is a body of water.  
My 3, 6, 5, is a mineral product.  
My 7, 24, is an answer to a question.  
My *whole* is a proverb.

WILDER MOORE.

### ENIGMA II.

I am composed of 16 letters.  
My 11, 6, 7, is an animal.  
My 2, 4, 13, 9, 16, is a mistake.  
My 11, 12, 16, 14, is a grain.  
My 1, 5, 3, 8, 7, 15, is to relate.  
My 11, 9, 4, 10, 2, 13, is part of a room.  
My *whole* is a part of *The Beacon* which we all like.

LOMA SOUTHWORTH.

### PRECEPTS AND PROVERBS.

Take one word from each sentence to form a precept or proverb. The first and last sentence in each bear on the hidden proverb.

Example:

1. Before you do a thing, *look* thoroughly into it.
2. I recognized the lady *before* she spoke.
3. Did *you* know her well?
4. Don't take a *leap* in the dark.

Answer: "Look before you leap."

### I.

1. Little deeds of love are well worth doing.
2. *The Beacon* is a paper children like.
3. They love to read the stories in it.
4. Every one enjoys the Recreation Corner.
5. If you have been kind to one person, you want to be kind to another.

### II.

1. It is fine to help a lame dog over a stile.
2. A friend came to see me to-day.
3. We went in the garden.
4. There was no need to go far to find beautiful flowers.
5. The garden is full of blossoms now.
6. We spent a happy hour there.
7. My friend was sorry to leave.
8. To help a person who is in trouble is indeed true kindness.

M. DORA WOOD.

### INITIAL PUZZLE.

I am bright and sharp and small;  
Change my head, I get the game;  
Change again, I am a noise;  
Change again, I should cause shame.

Change once more, I help a fish;  
Change again, I hold the corn;  
Change again, I am a drink;  
Change again—of whom you're born.

Browning's Magazine.

### A CAT PARTY.

1. What kind of a cat is allowed on the library table?
2. What kind of a cat is bad for the eyes?
3. What kind of a cat is allowed on the dining table?
4. What kind of a cat do big girls hate?
5. What kind of a cat makes small boys weep?

EUNICE COOK.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 36 OF VOL. V.

ENIGMA LXXII.—Universal Peace.

CONCEALED FURNITURE. 1. Desk. 2. Table. 3. Stove. 4. Sofa. 5. Bed. 6. Chair. 7. Piano. 8. Cabinet. 9. Stool. 10. Hat-rack.

ENIGMA LXXIII.—Bunker Hill Monument.

Answers to puzzles were sent by Bertha Vogel, Jamaica Plain, Mass.